The MEDICAL MISSIONARY

Motherhood in China

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The MEDICAL MISSIONARY

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TWIN GIRLS

By M. F.

BIRTH and Death are constant visitors in this land which, in spite of its riches, harbors hundreds who are appallingly poor. A young Musselman came to me in great distress a few nights ago and implored me to come and see his wife. The Bengali midwife had been called and could do nothing. According to the stars, he told me, the baby should have put in an appearance three hours ago, would I come and see what was the matter?

THERE ARE ALWAYS OLD WOMEN AROUND THE HOUSE

Two tiny baby girls arrived within 20 minutes of my arrival. Of course I got all the credit. (One gets praised to the skies or blamed to an equal degree for the most amazing things). The first baby, though small, was promptly cared for, but when the second arrived, they all decided that it was *khub kharab* (in very bad condition) and was sure to die regardless of treatment. If I had not been present, they would have thrown it promptly away with the refuse, even though it was living. I made them oil it and wrap it up, which they did with great reluctance. In fact they made quite a to-do, agreeing among themselves that the *Balaiti Memsahib* did such crazy and useless things. She was always making unnecessary work for them, they told each other. However, there was no choice but to humor her.

In spite of neglect, the tiny mite was still alive the next morning, but died shortly afterwards. They took great care of the first baby for two days, but on the third day I found her wrapped up, but lying on the floor and quite cold. I remonstrated with them, but they were fed up with their job which they thought was quite too tedious. Finally and very reluctantly they resumed the task of keeping the little one warm. Nothing will induce them to keep warm bottles around a weak baby. This time as usual one of the old women (there are always plenty around the house), put an earthern pot of hot coals beside herself and taking the baby into her lap warmed her own hands and then applied them to the baby. Sometimes I have seen them heat cloths and apply them to the little ones.

The next morning in spite of their reluctant efforts, the wee one died. When I arrived it was already beautifully laid out in clean muslin and spices in accordance with the Musselman custom. The poor little mother was weeping bitterly. She was only 16. We attended her the year before when her first baby, a strong healthy boy was born. The other relatives were feeling very sorry for themselves and greeted me with: "Look at all the care we took of it, and it died any way, and all the expense!" It has cost them nearly two rupees (about 70 cents) for the delivery alone. Our services are free to the poor, but they had to pay nearly one rupee for the *gari* (conveyance) as the house was quite a distance from the Centre. That with a few incidentals and the *dhai* (native nurse) brought it up to two. Then two rupees for each funeral. It all came to about one-half of the husband's monthly pay. He was a comb-maker. (The comb-maker sits all day and saws teeth in horn, out of which the combs are made. In this way he earns from five to six annas a day.) Fortunately, his family was not large, for when they are it is very difficult to earn enough to supply the family with even the poorest food, such as rice and *dal* (lentils).

ST. JOSEPH'S SECRET

St. Joseph had a secret—and silently imparts it
To all who truly love him, and would follow in his way:
He learned it from the Son of God, and from His Blessed Mother—
The secret is, to please the Saviour offer Him today.

Today is yours. What other gift can equal it in value?
Tomorrow lies within the future, yesterday is done
But take today, and yield Him every hour as it passes,
Ah, what a royal gift is yours when all those hours are gone!

—The Good Work.

The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is a religious community founded for the purpose of bringing medical aid to the foreign mission field. Please address enquiries to: Dr. Anna Dengel, Catholic Medical Mission House, Brookland, Washington, D. C.

IN THE HEART OF SANTAL LAND

By ANNA DENGEL, M.D.

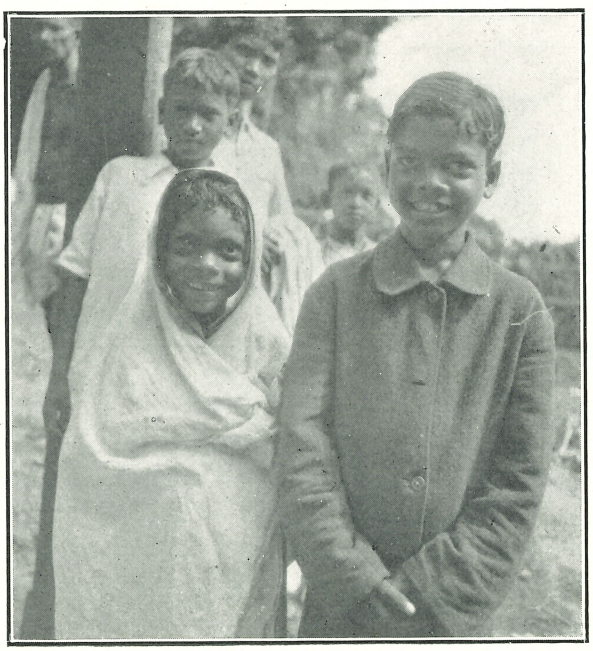
A LITTLE over a year ago His Excellency, Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., the Bishop of Patna, showed me with great animation the maps of the Santal country. That is where we promised to start our next hospital. According to reports of the recent earthquake there, the room where the maps were hung is now a semi-ruin. The Santal country has escaped the havoc, but as far as Catholic Missions go, not much material destruction was possible there. The few mission buildings are all mud huts, the simplest of the simple.

His Excellency took me there himself last year to give me an idea of our future mission field. We arrived on the eve of the Feast of Christ the King at one of the chief villages. Already, it was pitch dark. There was no flicker of light in the chapel; none in the mission hut. The Bishop knocked and knocked—no answer. The priest was on tour. After a little reconnoitering, His Excellency found the catechist. The latter opened the door of the rectory. Yes rectory! I cannot think of any other name. It can be described, briefly, as a low, longish room stuffed (I cannot call it arranged) with various things, among them were several unopened parcels addressed to the Rev. Father Conway, S.J., the missionary of this place who had died in the prime of life, very suddenly, a few days previously. There was also a small table and two chairs—voila! While we were sightseeing, the catechist left to fetch water in a round, shallow, bowl. He presented it to the Bishop in which to wash his hands and, as far as I remember, the water was for his feet too.

After a short and much-needed meal which the kind nuns from Patna had provided, His Excellency lost no time in making arrangements for the night. I was washing dishes when, lo and behold, I saw His Excellency laden with a *charpoy* (a string bed). He put it in the rectory and soon after unearthed a second one for my little Santal companion, Josephine. Then he left us. The situation was so primitive, there was no other charpoy, no other room available; there was no use in wasting polite words or asking the Bishop if he had any place whereupon to lay his head. Where he slept and if he slept, only God knows. There was only one place available with a roof overhead and that was the chapel.

Josephine was soon in slumberland; so was I, but it was a broken sleep mainly on account of rustling noises. Probably it was only rats having a game of hide and seek, but in India one cannot get away from a remote possibility of snakes. What disturbed me more was the jumping in and out of the window bars (window glass is an unknown commodity in Santal land) of some lithe animals. They were probably cats, though I thought of monkeys as I had seen a good many in the fields the day before.

It was 8 a. m. when the catechist appeared on the scene and struck a piece of metal dangling from the chapel roof. As the people did not expect to have Mass, it took a good many chimes to call the faithful. The bishop in the meantime heard confessions. I had ample opportunity to view the chapel inside and out. Outside there was not much to see except an elongated structure consisting of mud walls and the roof, but what gave romance to it was the cross on the front gable. Christ the King (it was His own Feast Day) in a mud chapel or in a cathedral; it is essentially the same. It seems easier to pray in the humbler surroundings, but of course we all prefer to house the King with due honor. Of the interior, I only remember the rows and rows of vividly colored pictures of saints all along the walls and in the middle on either side facing each other, the statues of St. Francis Xavier and St. Madeleine Sophie. Benches being absent, the Santals arranged themselves on the floor, the men on one side, the women on the other.



THEY SMILED FROM EAR TO EAR

At 9.30 the chapel being completely filled, the bishop began the Holy Sacrifice. It is the great link that makes one feel at home, no matter where one is. About 25 Santals and I received Holy Communion. Needless to say one of my petitions was that our Society would be privileged to contribute some day to the spread of God's

Kingdom and to the relief of suffering in this part of the world. After Mass the people recited so many prayers in their own language that I thought they would never end. It was 11 or after before the majority came out. Then of course, they flocked around the bishop who told them that some day they might have a hospital. That was like putting a match to dry straw; some of them began at once to air their complaints.

As breakfast was about 11.30 there was no need to keep anything for lunch, so His Excellency distributed it to the people. The recipients did not hide their delight and smiled from ear to ear. They seemed to be cheerful people.

Later we paid a hurried visit to the convent—about 15 minutes distant. A convent, if you please; a mud hut, too, of course! The two nuns were away on tour also. They did not have to worry about thieves or robbers for the convent was empty. It is a mere shelter.

Then we went into a little town to see a government dispensary which also harbored a few in-patients. Among them was a dying child who had the good fortune of getting a passport to heaven. Traveling to this town and also afterwards, the people succeeded several times in holding up the truck in which we traveled. Seeing the bishop, they called out to him that they wanted to become Catholics and that they wanted schools and help for the sick. "Do you hear that?" said His Excellency to me. So many people begging to become christians was a new experience to me and I must say a touching one. It renews one's zeal to pray and work for vocations.

As the bishop was anxious to reach Bhagalpur in time for the procession, we took a short but hazardous route back. The risk consisted in whether or not it would be possible to ford the rivers, one of them in particular. When we came to it, we saw some people wading across, so we knew that it must be all right. We were in luck and did not mind the consequent shower bath.

When we arrived in Bhagalpur, it was about 5 p. m., just in time for the crowning event of the feast-day—the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. The church, the outdoor altars and the compound were tastily decorated in Indian style. There was a great gathering of Catholics, many Anglo-Indians and Santals. At one of the altars Rev. Father Leahy, S.J., preached in English on the Kingship of Christ, while Rev. Father Creane, S.J., gave his sermon in Santali at another altar to his cherished flock. While the procession was wending its way through the grounds a large Hindu cortège passed along the church compound and our hymns to the Blessed Sacrament were mingled with the chant and the sounds of musical instruments in honor of pagan gods. It seemed like a tug-of-war between christianity and paganism, but *our* King will win.

We congratulate the Duchesne Unit (Convent of the Sacred Heart) of the Catholic Student's Mission Crusade on its publication, *The Paladin.* The purpose of *The Paladin* is to spread "mission fever." We note that they have a Medical Mission Editor, Blanche Collins. We wish Miss Collins every success in spreading medical mission fever.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Please notify us of change of address. The Post Office charges us every time it notifies us. Your co-operation in this matter will be appreciated.

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PLEASE PRAY FOR OUR DECEASED FRIENDS AND BENEFACTORS

His Excellency, the Most Rev. Joseph Chartrand, D.D., Bishop of Indianapolis, beloved by all who knew him, died on December 8, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. His Excellency was noted for his great devotion to Our Lady, it was, therefore, very fitting that he should have been called on that day. By his death, the Society has lost a very staunch friend.

In the death of the Rev. A. J. Link, Diocesan Director of the Propagation of the Faith for Buffalo, our Society has lost one of its early and most helpful of friends. The late Father Link was not only a visitor at the Medical Mission House in Washington in its early days, but he never failed us when we called upon him for advice or help. Having himself founded an order, the Sisters of the Divine Child, he could help us ably from the richness of his own experience.

Dr. Hans Pattis, who labored for six years as a mission doctor in North Alival, Prefecture of Gariep, So. Africa, died on October 26, 1933, a victim of typhus. He had been sent out by the Wurzburg Institute. God called him when he was still in the prime of life at the age of 36. Dr. Pattis did not believe that a lay missionary should marry. His motto was: "No sacrifice is too great for the mission doctor."

We also ask your prayers for the repose of the soul of Sister Marie Cecilia, a Sister of Notre Dame, who died at Trinity College, Washington, D. C., on February 9, 1934.

THE MEDICAL MISSION VOCATION

By MICHAEL A. MATHIS, C.S.C.

CHAPTER II

THE REQUIRED QUALIFICATIONS FOR THE MEDICAL MISSION APOSTOLATE

AS the vocation to the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is a very special one, it ought to prove helpful to our apostolate to describe the qualifications required of candidates. These may be grouped under three heads. Indeed one might almost say that this vocation includes three professions—missionary, religious, and medical.

Missionary Profession

Only the best men and women are good enough for the foreign missions. At least only those who are above average can do effective work in the foreign mission fields. The reason is obvious enough: besides the difficulties that confront a missioner at home, there are additional ones in foreign mission fields.

These difficulties are three-fold: isolation by distance and culture from almost everything that a man knows and loves; the acquisition of a difficult language and its literature and, where there is no written grammar, the ferreting out of such a tongue by the difficult path of the spoken word; and, finally, the construction of the ethnological bridge over which the missioner must pass to understand the strange customs, habits and culture of an alien race, particularly in so far as these disclose the religious notions and moral conditions of the souls whose conversion is the object of his mission.

Just as the obstacles to the foreign missioner are three-fold, so also the qualifications may be grouped in a three-fold way: a physical constitution that is equal to the exceptional demands made upon it in the foreign mission field to which one is assigned; an intellectual ability to get a working knowledge of both the language and the ethnology of the people to whom one is sent; and, finally, the most important qualification of the three is proved virtue and a constant striving for holiness.

The fact that the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda gives health as the first requisite for the missioner, makes it clear that it is a more important qualification than would appear to be the case at first glance. It is to be expected that a radical change of climate, food, and customs of life, such as an American must be able to endure when his mission is in the tropics or arctic region, is a severe shock to his physical and mental well being. Therefore, the missioner ought to be physically and mentally mature, able to withstand this shock, and yet not too old to accommodate himself to such conditions. It was for this reason that St. Francis Xavier again and again asked for youthful and robust missioners. One of our own veteran American foreign mission priests puts the problem in this way: "a missioner ought to have a stomach like a Kewanee boiler."

The second group of missionary qualifications is intellectual. First, he must be intellectually above the average demands made upon persons of the same profession in the home country, and, secondly, his mental capacity must be practical, rather than academic.

The reason why the foreign missioner should be intellectually above the average of men of the same profession at home is that he must have the additional ability to fathom the mental processes of some keenly intellectual representatives of ancient and alien cultures as well as the ability to appreciate the limitations of vicious and ignorant barbarians. Among these intellectual demands, there are two more important than others, namely, the ability to learn the language of the mission and to exercise a more than ordinary prudence.

Necessary as health and intellectual capacity are to the missioner, they are secondary to the third group of qualifications, namely, proved virtue and constant striving for holiness. The reason why the saintly life of a missioner is so important is that men are not induced to embrace Christianity by mere words or clever arguments, but rather by good example. Thomas of Jesus, a Carmelite mission authority of the seventeenth century, gives the reason admirably; good example instructs luminously and efficaciously; luminously, because the pagan understands more clearly what fraternal charity is by seeing an act of charity than through a lengthy discourse on the subject; efficaciously, be-

(*Continued on page* 8)

THE LIGHT OF FAITH

WASHINGTON

February 11, the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes was a joyful feast as two novices, Sister M. Monica (Lieselotte Neuhaus) and Sister M. Joseph (Elisabeth Podolski) took the mission oath and made their first vows. On the same day, nine postulants received the habit: Miss Liesel Lotter, now Sr. M. Hilda; Miss Anna Lotter, Sr. Anne Agnes; Miss Louise Schrader, Sr. M. Louise; Miss Pauline Dietsche, Sr. M. Pauline; Miss Mary Brady, Sr. Anne Michael; Miss Virginie De Villars, Sr. M. Thomas; Miss Veronica Pattee, Sr. M. Patricia; Miss Agnes Shoemaker, Sr. M. Theophane; Miss Elisabeth Wijnen, Sr. M. Elise.

DR. DENGEL, SR. AGNES MARIE AND THOSE WHO TOOK PART IN THE CEREMONY

The Rev. John J. Boyle, C.S.C. who conducted the ceremony, preached a very eloquent sermon. He told the participants how fortunate they should consider themselves to have been called by God to a society still in its infancy, as like the apostles they were among the first to be called to the new apostolate. Father Boyle celebrated the High Mass, assisted by Brother Bertrand, C.S.C. The Medical Mission House Choir chanted the Gregorian Mass.

THE PATNA TRAGEDY

NOWADAYS being in mid-ocean does not mean that one can remain in blissful ignorance of the divorce of a movie star, a war or the rumors of war. The daily radio bulletin issued to the passengers gives them news, meagre though it be, from every part of the globe. I was in the Red Sea, somewhere near Mecca, when I read of an earthquake on January 15 in the Patna territory and Nepal. Two Holy Cross Sisters from Ingenbohl, Switzerland, and I discussed the event. They were returning from a visitation of their convents in Bettiah, north of Patna. We little knew what a serious catastrophy it was. It came to me as a real shock, therefore, when I read the details later.

Rev. Father Sontag, S.J., the Mission Superior in Patna, wrote the following vivid description:

"I was at my typewriter when the disturbance began. Both the sound and the vibrations were at first like an immensely heavy truck driving close by the house. Then there developed that peculiar swaying and pitching of the earth which made it difficult to keep one's feet. The whole lasted 2½ minutes. Fortunately, the violent part that brought down the buildings came well near the end, so most of the people were able to get out of their houses. The many deaths occurred in narrow streets of towns where the entire streets were buried beneath crashing walls."

The number of the dead is estimated at 2,500 and that of the homeless runs into many thousands. The mission is hard hit. Eight churches are ruined; only four remain. I remember that the Swiss Sisters told me of the beautiful church in Bettiah, built 90 years ago by Tyrolese Capuchins. They mentioned particularly the church bells as being so solemn and homelike. (I was not surprised to hear that, for if a native of the Tyrol misses anything, it is church bells.) This church is among the ruined, and I suppose the bells are in smithereens, alas! Schools and other mission houses, with few exceptions, have either crumbled or are badly hurt; but among the missionaries, not a single life is lost. Out of the 10,000 Catholics, only 12 have died. So whilst there is sorrow and the sad picture of a devastated mission, there is the consolation that every laborer

(*Continued on page* 8)

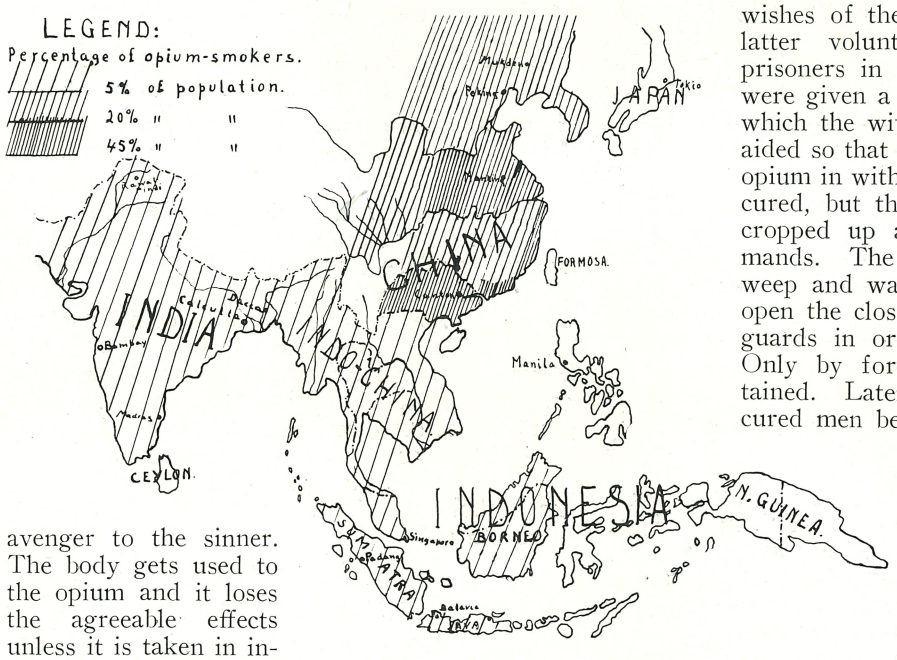
THE MENACE OF DRUG ADDICITION

CHAPTER II

THE UNBURIED DEAD

THIS is what the victims of opium are popularly called in China, for in the end the action of opium destroys body and soul. The phenomena of poisoning goes through three stages: in the first one the smoker is satisfied with from 15 to 20 pipes a day. During the stupor the body feels a general complacency; all sadness has vanished. It is said that thieves and robbers in this stage invent their most daring projects, and business men make their boldest speculations. The over-excited imagination pictures to the smoker a dream world which knows no sadness and fulfills all wishes. But none of God's creations can be abused without their becoming an avenger to the sinner. The body gets used to the opium and it loses the agreeable effects unless it is taken in increasing amounts. At this point the second stage of opium addiction begins—a slow, constant, decay of body and soul. The nerves are affected; digestion stops, and loss of appetite emaciates the unhappy victim until he appears to be a skeleton. The intelligence becomes blunted; the will weakened. The joys and sorrows of those about him don't affect the smoker any more. Lying and dishonesty dominate the poor victim who is obsessed with only one thought, that of satisfying his passion. To this Moloch, he sacrifices everything. Woe when there is no opium! The passion bores and burns in brains and nerves and a maddening terror overcomes the smoker. He cannot disengage himself from his pipe.

COUNTRIES CHIEFLY AFFECTED



The unburied dead! This is the third stage of the opium addiction. The body is thoroughly poisoned. Abstinence would mean immediate death. Cure is impossible. Life pines away, often in terrible agony and becomes extinguished as a flame in burnt-out coal.

Is there no stopping this hell-bent plane? Rarely! Only a few possess enough self-control to content themselves with a harmless amount of opium during their lives and even fewer, to separate themselves wholly from their pipes.

In a christian village in China there were 40 families where the father was an opium addict. The vice spread. The sons imitated the fathers. Money, land, clothes were sacrificed to this passion. It was evident that the whole village was marching to its doom. On the entreaties of wives and children, on the advice of the missionary and on the wishes of the victims themselves, the latter voluntarily made themselves prisoners in the mission house. All were given a thorough examination in which the wives and the healthy men aided so that the patients couldn't take opium in with them. All wanted to be cured, but the third day, the passion cropped up again and made its demands. The unhappy men began to weep and wail. They tried to break open the closed doors or to bribe the guards in order to get the narcotic. Only by force was discipline maintained. Later on 37 of the 40 half-cured men began to smoke again and now ruin seems inavertible.

STATISTICS OF THE VICE

The most impressive description of the destructive influence of this vice are the statistics which show the terrible outgrowth the evil has taken in our days. The figures threaten and accuse. Though we regret their incompleteness, nevertheless they throw a strong light on the evil and on the baseness of the production of opium. The story told by a missionary, of a man who sold his wife and two daughters is not the only one. One boy was still left to him. For two days the inhuman father went around to seek a buyer, but found none. Furious, he flung his last child on the floor and broke his skull, sold his clothes and then had money enough to satisfy his passion for another day.

In 1929 the League of Nations sent three men to East Asia to study the opium question. They

(*Continued on page* 8)

THE MENACE OF DRUG ADDICTION

(*Continued from page 7*)

came from countries which are not concerned with the opium question: Sweden, Belgium, and Czecho-Slovakia. It is a pity that China, the chief producer and consumer was not visited, because the demands of the Chinese Government to have a representative on the committee could not be granted. The countries that were studied are: India, Indonesia, Formosa and the small colonial possessions along the Chinese coast. All of these countries are colonial possessions and except for Formosa and Kuang-tung are under European government.

From the 110,000,000 inhabitants of these countries, 5 percent were found to be opium smokers. Half of them are immigrant Chinese, most of them coolies. Chinese coolies earn more money abroad than in their own country and that is why they yield more easily to this temptation, especially as most of them don't have families to care for. All the restraints made by their own surroundings and religion have vanished here. The Chinese immigrant is a constant danger for East Asia. Indeed this committee ascertained that the natives of those countries learned the vice from the Chinese immigrants. In this way it spread to the Burmese, Malays, Javanese and other races of Indonesia, the Siamese and several other peoples of Indo-China. The abuse of opium, however, has existed for a long time among the Schans, the Annamites and the inhabitants of Formosa. The Japanese show no inclination towards opium smoking. Among the Europeans of East Asia the vice seems to be wiped out. It is a sad thing that most of the smokers belong to the working class. This is due to the spiritual and economical lowliness of the East-Asian coolies. On account of their poor circumstances they seek a way to forget their troubles, and their education and earnings do not permit them a higher kind of entertainment. Add to this the fact that they believe it to be an unfailing preventive against tropical fever and a necessary stimulant for heavy labor in mines and woods.

The total amount of opium sold under government control annually in those countries is 441,709 kg. The smuggled opium is estimated at 176,400 kg. annually. To evaluate these figures, one must remember that the daily dose of a smoker is only a few grams. The net profit of the opium trade for the government in 1929 was $36,000,000 against $42,000,000 in 1920.

The government opium export of India to some of the countries of East Asia—not the whole export—was 173,000 kg. The use of cocaine (a narcotic derived from the coca bushes) was in India 16 times the allowed amount.

In Turkey almost 1,000,000 farmers grow poppies out of which they get 250,000 kg. of opium a year. In 1932 the amount had sunk to 147,000 kg. worth $1,000,000.

In Egypt the amount of opium smokers out of 14,000,000 inhabitants was computed at 500,000. The next year there were 10,295 convictions for infringement of the opium law. Russel Pascha, head of the police in Cairo (called "the terror of the opium kings") writes in a letter to the League of Nations:

"Egypt is corroded by narcotics, but I am sure there is still time to save the country from threatening ruin."

It is a sad thing that even christians take a share in opium smuggling in Mohammedan countries. Europe and America are also menaced by narcotics. After the World War the amount of opium smokers in some countries was 2 percent of the population and for New York the number is now computed at 100,000.

An unheard of misery stares out of these figures, but they are small compared with those from China—the traditional country of the opium dens.

DIE KATHOLISCHEN MISSIONEN.

THE MEDICAL MISSION VOCATION

(*Continued from page 5*)

cause the good example of the preacher puts the difficult lessons of the Gospel within reach of his flock and stamps with authority his words.

Our medical missioners are instructed during the term of preparation in the language of the country to which they are destined to go, and also in mission science. The mission language class covers a two-year course and is coincident with our two years of religious training at the Mother House. Mission Science is imparted through a weekly seminar for which each student is always working out some assigned mission problem. The two-year course in Religion is also designed to give our members a more exact understanding of the Catholic doctrine they will be called upon to teach others.

(*To be continued*)

THE PATNA TRAGEDY

(*Continued from page 6*)

in the vineyard has been spared to take part in the gigantic work of reconstruction.

I can easily picture what a beehive activity there is and will be in the near future. Even in normal times the visitor gets the impression of the American spirit of "push," everywhere.

The missionaries of Patna are fighting in Our Lord's camp might and main. This earthquake is a temporary setback and they will need a greater army than ever behind the lines to pray for and help them to rebuild the mission. May the heart of our readers be moved to join that army according to their means.

ANNA DENGEL.